THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE

MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

(Continued.)

"IN seventeen days, (for I took good care to count them all) my friend returned. Upon his brow were seated a serenity and confidence, which were communicated to me like the animating influence of Spring. He mentioned the name of the place where he had been, but concealed that of his pretended friend. After we had wished him joy on his arrival, he told us that he had relinquished his intention of going to Vienna; and that his father had besides given him permission to spend the winter with us. A whole winter! thought I, exulting. If, as Rosseau thinks, it is possible to live a thousand years in a quarter of an hour, what an eternity will this winter be!

"Every thing in and about me, was altered, now that my friend appeared so. A great change had taken place in him, that I was thoroughly convinced of; what kind of a one it was, I hoped to learn in our next *tete-a-tete*. The first look with which he again saluted me, evinced that I was no loser by it.

"We soon had an opportunity of being alone together. He came to speak to my brother, who had gone out, and found me in his room, where I sometimes used to draw, because it was lighter there than in any other part of the house. I was going to rise; but he begged me to sit still, took a chair, seated himself beside me, made some observations on the drawing, and then hastened to the main subject. He told me that no friend had sent for him when he left us so suddenly, but he only wanted to be alone, that he might come to some fixed determination. All that he was at liberty to communicate to me respecting this determination was, that, at all events, whether fortune proved favourable to him or not, he would disclose to me the secret of his unhappy situation before he would venture either to offer me his hand, or to part with me for ever. It was not yet time for this; but before long, perhaps, circumstances might be changed. He conjured me, till the period should arrive when he could speak more plainly, to rely

upon his sincerity and affection. He expressed himself with such frankness and animation, and in so decided a tone, that I was persuaded the motives on which he acted, could not but be of an honourable kind. From that hour I conceived for him a regard which daily encreased, so that the anxiety of my love was absorbed in the confidence of friendship.

The correspondence of our sentiments, of our tastes and distates, was astonishing. His attention to procure me every little pleasure that he could, made him my constant companion. Not a trait in his conduct confirmed my brother's report of his levity and licentiousness. He complied with every thing that circumstances required; he took part in our balls and concerts; sometimes too he lost more money at play, than he ought to have risked, but he was not passionately attached to any amusement of this kind. His greatest pleasnre, as he himself said, was to be in my company, to converse, to read, or to play on the harpsichord with me. In company we appeared inseparable; where one was, there the other was sure to be found: and as our love was ennobled into friendship, so our friendship spoke exactly the language of love.

"In the midst of these pleasures however, there were moments in which I had a presentiment of what awaited me. Often, when he had just protested that he scarcely desired to be more happy, he would suddenly turn from me, and conceal his face. If I asked him what he ailed, he would give me vague answers, and always referred to that period when he should be at liberty to reveal his secret. He was still more frequently out of humour, absent, and unsusceptible of pleasure. I observed that his humour was governed by the post days, and that he was never so dull as when he had received letters.

The happy winter was past; and with the commencement of spring, my friend received from his father an injunction to return home, "We must part," said he to me, "for three months; this is the last term of my expectations. The die is cast, and I will now examine how it lies. In three months I will return, as sure as I love you."

"I know not whether it was these words themselves, or the tone in which they were uttered, that shocked me like a prediction of misfortune. I was alarmed to find myself so near the goal which I durst not look at. Confounded as I was, I received his protestation, and asked pointedly, as if I knew more than I ought—As sure as you love me *alone?* My friend turned pale, and was overwhelmed with silent embarrassment. A tear started into his eye; he seriously kissed my hand, and said in a tone that rent my heart:—"I thank you for asking."

"What would I have given to have been able to recall my question! I had myself run upon the dagger which he had so carefully turned away from me. I had cheated myself in a moment of the three months which he intended to give me. Vexation, with my unseasonable curiosity, overpowered even the sense of my loss; and as we are always disposed to do injustice to others, when we are desirous of effecting a reconciliation with ourselves, I drew my hand from him, and coldly said: Then you have changed me for another?

"His feelings were deeply hurt, yet without the least acrimony, he replied—"I loved another before I knew you. Had she all at once become indifferent to me, still I should have been ashamed to sacrifice her to one more worthy; for she is an excellent girl, and is attached to me."

"Thus was the proud fabric reared by my fancy, levelled with the ground. I felt not how dear I was to him, but only that another participated in those affections, which I wished exclusively to engross. Had he hated me, I should at that moment, have been better pleased. And yet how easy it was for him to justify himself, when he again resumed, and pronounced his own condemnation. He protested that since he had become acquainted with me, he could not possibly be happy with his former friend, whom he still loved and esteemed, but whom he hoped to forget in my arms.

"Odious hope! exclaimed I; and doubly odious were I to contribute towards its accomplishment. Why did you not part from me, why did you not leave me before? "Whither should I go?" said he, affectionately.

"Whither? rejoined I; can there be a question about that.—Back to her to whom you have been inconstant. He shook his head. "Shall I tell her of my inconstancy?"

"What reply I made, I cannot repeat. Disputations of this kind always lead to the same point from which we set out, and our understanding is but too well disposed, o think an injustice pardonable, which is committed out of love to us by a man to whom we are attached. In order to silence me entirely, my friend added, that by a connexion with my rival, he should incur the displeasure of his father, and that he now entertained well-founded hopes of seeing her united to another. He well knew the weight which this last piece of information would have with me, and how much it would contribute to restore my tranquility. I cannot deny that this intelligence respecting the first mistress of my friend, had sunk her considerably in my opinion; but he, on the contrary, had raised himself in my esteem, by speaking of her with such

respect. He seemed rather to waver between love and conscience than between love and love; his irresolution did him honour. I had no occasion to entertain any apprehension of a rival. With such like reasoning, I lulled my sick heart to sleep, and knew not that I was playing with the mere phantoms of my imagination.

"My friend departed; and, with a fortitude that appeared strange even to myself, I looked after the carriage that removed him from me. Hope had dazzled my eyes, and intoxicated my heart; he was now the subject of much conversation between me, my guardian, and my brother; and I learned, not without horror, that they both looked upon me as fully engaged to my friend, and already began to consider of the terms of the marriage-contract. I thought I had a right to enquire the reasons of such an over-hasty procedure. They laughed at me; I grew extremely grave, and assured them that I was every thing but engaged. And now conceive what I must have felt, when I was informed that my friend had, the day after the unexpected explanation between us, formally demanded my hand of my guardian, and my brother, and had obtained their consent.

"I was overwhelmed with astonishment and vexation. Undecided in what manner to obtain satisfaction, I waited till I should receive the first letter from my friend. It soon arrived, but inclosed in a letter to my guardian, and written in such a manner, that he or any body else might have read it. I answered it in the same style, and received a similar reply, to which I returned no answer.

"Thus was I bereft of the pleasure I had expected from a correspondence fraught with truth and affection. My friend was too inexplicable for me to think of him any longer with complacency; and if I did not think of him the less on that account, still my attachment afforded me no satisfaction. I felt an imperious impulse to do something to shew that I was not made to perform merely a passive part in such matters as ours. To this humour I was perhaps indebted for the power to act on his return in such a manner as at least every woman would not have done in my situation.

"Before the expiration of two months, I saw him again. He surprised us in the country, where we had been for some weeks. My guardian received him with transport, as though it had been the signal for the preparations for the wedding. I saluted him with politeness; my reserve did not appear to disconcert him. He looked at me several times, as if he had something to tell me. These looks I did not return; but I could not forbear observing him with such attention as if I had never

seen him before. He no longer seemed to be the same person; his countenance displayed a certain wildness when absorbed in thought, he looked on either side. In his gait there was an impetuosity, in his motions an irregularity, in his expressions a vehemence, which I had never yet remarked. He laughed and joked with glee; and when his *bon-mots* and reflexions had delighted the company, he would sink down and turn pale, like one exhausted. He would then look at me with eyes replete with fervent melancholy, as if to implore me to be reconciled to him; after this he would follow me to speak to me alone, while for four days I contrived that he should not find an opportunity.

"We are soon tired of a part, in which the heart does not act along with us. I was at length unable to withstand the desire of knowing whether my friend still remained my friend, and therefore gave him an opportunity for a *tete-a-tete*.

"My Guardian's country-house was situated near the Danube. The terraces of a garden which, on one side was laid out in the English taste, commanded a prospect of the glistening stream; there I seated myself after a walk with my friend, while my brother tho't fit to leave us together, to amuse himself with the game-keeper.

"Thank God," said my friend, "that I have once more an opportunity of speaking to you. I have a great deal to tell you, and, in the first place, to beg your pardon."

"Pardon? I replied; I knew not that you had done any thing which required pardon.

"He looked at me—"I have not wilfully offended you," said he, "I have done what was my duty; and in thus acting, have done violence to myself, and all—so sure as I am not deserving of your hatred—because I loved you. Not till I have acknowledged all my errors, not till you approve of the manner in which I intend to atone for them, will I seriously ask you whether you can resolve to be my wife."

"Oh! said I, with respect to that question, you obtained an answer two months ago from my guardian.

"Theresa," he replied, "you wish to punish me; and that because I did, from irresistible love to you, what I otherwise would not have done. But you ought not to judge me from fragments of my conduct. Hearken to my whole story, and then decide where I shall find rest, in your arms, or in the grave."

"After this introduction, I was obliged to promise my friend my whole attention, and would have given it without any such promise. I cannot repeat his narrative in his own words; I will relate the most

material particulars, as though I had been an eye-witness of what I know from him."

[*To be continued.*]

A TALE

EXTRACTED FROM ANTON WALL'S BAGATELLES.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

THE Earl of S———, one of the richest Peers of Great Britain, had been in London, and on his return intended to call on one of his tenants. He had no other attendants than a coachman, and one servant. He had not travelled six miles from the metropolis, when he was obliged to pass through a wood, where his carriage was surrounded by six highwaymen. Two bound the coachman, two the servant, and two applied a pistol to the breast of the nobleman.

"Your pocket-book!" said one of the robbers, with a horrid countenance. Instead of which, the Earl pulled out a heavy purse which he presented to him.

"Have the goodness, my lord, to produce your pocket-book," said the robber, who with his left hand weighed the purse, and with the right continued to present the pistol.

The Earl drew out his pocket-book, and delivered it up, which the robber examined. Whilst he was thus engaged, his countenance excited the attention of the former. His full eyes, curved nose, distorted cheeks, wide mouth, and projecting chin, presented an object more disgusting than he had ever before witnessed. The robber, after taking some papers out of the book, returned it to the gentleman.

"A prosperous journey, my lord," he cried, and rode off with his companions towards London.

The Earl, upon his return home, examined his book, which had contained two thousand five hundred pounds in notes, and to his great astonishment, found five hundred pounds remaining. He rejoiced at the discovery, and related the adventure to his friends, at the same time adding, that the countenance of the man was so extraordinary, that it would never be absent from his recollection. Two years had already elapsed since the affair had happened, and the particulars of it had passed from his mind, when one morning he received a penny-post letter, while in London, the contents of which were as follow:—

"My Lord—I am a poor German Jew. The Prince, whose subject I was, oppressed my sect in so cruel a manner, as to oblige me, with five others, to seek an asylum in Great Britain. I fell ill during the voyage, and the bark which was to have conveyed us from the vessel to the shore, was overturned by the storm. A man,

whose face I had never before seen, sprang into the sea, and saved me, at the risk of his own life.

"He carried me into his house, procured me a nurse and a physician. He was a clothier, and had twelve children alive. I recovered, and offered my host some recompence for his hospitality, but he rejected every offer, and only requested me to visit him sometimes. I went soon after, and found him extremely dejected. The disturbances had broken out in America, and he had sent to Boston, goods to the amount of eight thousand pounds, which the merchants refused to pay. He confessed to me, that a bill would become due upon him in the course of a month, which he could not honour; that, consequently, his credit would be destroyed, and his ruin completed. I would have willingly given him assistance, had it been in my power. I considered myself indebted to him for my life, which I ought not to regard as too great a sacrifice in serving my benefactor. I went to my companions, and represented to them the state of the case. They were all bound to me by the tenderest ties of friendship, and willing to aid me in the execution of any plan I should suggest. We agreed, therefore, to take the desperate and unwarrantable measure of highway robbery, to procure the necessary sum. Accident made us acquainted with your intended rout, and the money which you had in your possession. We laid our plan accordingly, and succeeded in a manner already known to you. I enclosed the two thousand pounds which I took from your pocket-book, in a letter to my benefactor, saying, that I would suit the payment of it to his circumstances. The money was of temporary service to him, but as he lost all his American property, he died soon after, insolvent. Fortune, however, was more favourable to me; I obtained a prize of five thousand pounds in the lottery. I have, therefore, sent you the enclosed, which is the sum, with the interest, that I took from you. You will find another thousand pounds, which I should be obliged to you to send to the F——— family, in F———. Upon the receipt of this letter, my companions and myself will be on our way to Germany, where we wish, if possible, to take up our residence. I protest to you, that none of our pistols were loaded when we assaulted you, and none of our hangers were unsheathed. What I have done and said, will shield me, I hope, from being considered so obnoxious a member of society, as my conduct at first might lead you to suppose. Accept the good wishes of an individual, whose intentions were pure, though his conduct might be criminal."

The Earl had no sooner read the letter, than he made enquiries

for the clothier's family, and gave them the two thousand pounds which the Jew had sent.

SUBTILTY OF THE LAW.

The grave digger's argument upon the funeral obsequies of Ophelia, was intended by Shakespeare to burlesque the law. One of the clowns is a great arguer, and justifies the verdict of the coroner's inquest upon the daughter of Polonius, by saying, "she drowned herself in her own defence: it must be *se offendendo*, for here lies the point; if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowns herself wittingly.' The irresistible force of this conclusion, he thinks himself able to increase by explanation. "Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, will he, he goes; mark that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life."

On this, Sir John Hawkins has given us a note worth transcription. "I strongly suspect that this is a ridicule on the case of Dame Hales. It seems, her husband, Sir James Hales, had drowned himself in a river, and the question was, whether by this act a forfeiture of a lease from the dean and chapter of Canterbury, which he was possessed of, did not accrue to the crown; an inquisition was found before the coroner, which found him *felo de se*. The legal and logical subtilties arising in the course of the argument of this case, gave a very fair opportunity for a sneer at *crowner's quest law*. A great deal of subtilty was used to ascertain whether Sir James was the agent or the patient; or, in other words, whether *he went to the water*, or *the water came to him*. The cause of Sir James' madness, was the circumstance of his having been the Judge who condemned Lady Jane Grey."

Professor Christian, in his edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, has quoted from Plowden part of the argument, if so it may be called, of the Chief Justice, (Sir James Dyer) which proves himself as mad as the defunct at least. "The felony," says he, "is attributed to the act; which act is always done by a living man, as my brother Brown said; for he said Sir James Hales was dead; and how came he to his death? It may be answered, by drowning; and who drowned him? Sir James Hales; and when did he drown him? In his life time. So that Sir James Hales, being alive, caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offence, it is reasonable to

punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished alive, when the punishment comes after his death? Sir, this can be done no other way, but by divesting out of him, from the time of the act done in his life-time, which was the cause of his death, the title and property of those things which he had in his life-time."

[*Anth.*

CARDS.

IS it not surprising that men of sense should condescend to join in this silly custom, which was originally invented to supply its deficiency? But such is the fatality! imperfections give rise to fashions, and are followed by those who do not labour under the defects which introduced them. Nor is a hoop the only instance of a fashion invented by those who found their account in it, and afterwards countenanced by others, to whose figure it was prejudicial. How can men, who value themselves upon their reflexions, give encouragement to a practice, which puts an end to thinking? Cards, if one may judge from their appearance, seem invented for the use of children; and, among the toys of infancy, the bells, the whistle, and the rattle, deserved their commendation. By degrees, those who came nearest children in understanding, and want of ideas, grew enamoured of the use of them, as a suitable entertainment; others also, pleased to reflect on the innocent part of their lives, had recourse to this amusement, as what recalled it to their minds. But where will you find a man who proposes to himself dignity of character, who views an inducement to this kind of game? It is difficult to determine whether it appear more odious among sharpers, or more ridiculous among persons of character. Persons of ability are capable of furnishing a much more agreeable entertainment. Whenever I am offered cards, therefore, I shall esteem it as the opinion of the *host*, that I have neither sense nor fancy. And yet this is a melancholy reflexion, since there seldom is a "party" in this exquisitely refined metropolis without *cards*.

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Upon reflexion, I think there is much utility in cards. I would not have them renounced by "parties." I can recollect many an evening, which would have gone off heavily indeed, without the assistance of kings, queens, and knaves, &c. After having been wearied two or three hours by stories of *puppies*, and *parrots*, and *turned-off servants*, *sicknesses*, *recoveries*, (on which, to make a *legal pun*, I would readily have imposed a *fine*,) I have gladly taken refuge at the card-table, and derived no small comparative satisfaction from the odd trick.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

INSTANCE OF LEGAL OPPRESSION.

During the wise dispute about Falkland's Islands, which to England were worth less than nothing, a workman in London was returning one evening to his family, with his weekly wages. He was apprehended by a press gang, and cast into the hold of a tender. His landlord, and some other creditors, heard of what they called his elopement. They seized on his furniture, and his wife and child were turned from the door. A few days after, the mother was delivered of a second child, in a garret. When weakness permitted her to rise, she left her two naked children, and wandered in the streets as a common beggar. Instead of obtaining assistance, she was reproached as an abandoned vagabond. In despair, she went into a shop, and attempted to carry off a small piece of linen. She was seized, and tried. In her defence, the woman said that she had lived reputably and happy, till a press gang robbed her of her husband, and in him of all means to support herself and family; and that in attempting to clothe her new-born infant, she perhaps did wrong, as she did not at that time know what she did. The parish officers, and a crowd of other witnesses bore testimony to the truth of her averment. But all to no purpose. She was ordered for Tyburn. Though her milk, if she had any, must have been fermented into poison, it seems that nobody condescended to seek a nurse for her child. *The hangman dragged her sucking infant from her breast, when he straitened the cord about her neck!* "Never," said a noble gentleman in the house of commons, "never was there a fouler murder committed AGAINST *the law*, than that of this woman BY *the law!*"

FEMALE FASHIONS.

We are much pleased to observe that the attempt which has been making against female loveliness, by the introduction of lengthened waists, has proved fruitless, they being unadopted by our most accomplished females, who are as eminently distinguished by the correctness and elegance of their attire, as by their rank. The lengthened waist is discarded by true taste, as inimical to youth and loveliness, which on the contrary is ever heightened by the easy flow of unbuckramed drapery. When simplicity departs from the external appearance of the female, we justly conclude, that artlessness has also departed from her mind,

and she loses the great charm of her sex; but when we behold our lovely female attired in that modest simplicity which renders every native grace more winning while it is imparted to the unstiffened folds of their drapery, imagination doubles every beauty, and we delight to acknowledge the general influence of the sex.

Lon. jap.

MISS AMBROSE.

THE vice-regal administration of Lord Chesterfield in Ireland, was distinguished in many respects beyond that of any other viceroy's who had preceded him As a judge and patron of learning his levees were always crowded with men of letters, and the castle drawing-rooms were enlivened with a constellation of beauties.

Miss Ambrose was universally allowed to be the brightest star in that constellation. She was a Roman Catholic, and descended of one of the oldest families in the kingdom. Her charms and vivacity (which were always tempered with modesty and prudence) furnished his Lordship with many opportunities of complimenting both, with a delicacy peculiar to a nobleman of his refined taste and wit. On the first day of July, the Protestants of Ireland wear orange lilies, in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne, which was fought on that day, and which is a grand gala at court. On one of these occasions, Miss Ambrose appeared with an orange lily in her bosom, which immediately caught the Viceroy's eye, and called forth the following extemporary lines:

Say, lovely traitor, where's the jest
Of wearing *orange* on thy breast;
Where that same breast, uncovered, shows
The *whiteness* of the *rebel* rose?

A few days afterwards, a delegation from the ancient town of Drogheda waited on his Lordship with the freedom of their corporation in a gold box. Miss Ambrose happened to be present; as the box was of the finest workmanship, she jocosely requested that his Lordship would give it to her. "Madam," said he, "you have too much of my *freedom* already." Lord Chesterfield used to say, in allusion to the power of beauty, that she was the only dangerous Papist in Ireland.

Encircled by a crowd of admirers, in the heyday of her bloom, she had the good sense to prefer the hand of a plain worthy baronet, (Sir Roger Palmer) to all the wealth and titles that were thrown at her feet. The marriage of this lady was announced in one of the Dublin prints, in these words:

"The celebrated Miss Ambrose of this kingdom, has, to the much-envied happiness of *one*, and the grief of *thousands*, abdicated her

maiden empire of beauty, and retreated to the temple of Hymen. Lady Palmer is still alive; and has the second pleasure of seeing herself *young again* in a numerous train of grand-children."

Calphurnia, the wife of Pliny, was one of the most amiable females of the age in which she lived; and the affection with which she justly inspired the breast of her husband, is displayed in a letter which he wrote to her aunt, who had undertaken the care of her education, and had instilled the most virtuous sentiments into her mind.—"I doubt not," says Pliny, "but you will rejoice to hear that she proves worthy of her father, and worthy of you—she has great talents, is an excellent economist, and I possess the entire affection of her heart. To these qualities she unites a taste for literature; she has collected my works, which she reads perpetually, and even learns to repeat.—When I am to plead, how great is the anxiety she suffers! when I have succeeded, how exquisite is her joy! she even engages people to tell her what applauses I have gained.—She sings my verses untaught, and adapts them to her lute—she is not captivated by my youth, or beauty, but with the lustre which attends my name: and these are the sentiments which become a woman instructed by your precepts, and formed by your hand."

This is a character which every female should be emulous of obtaining from her husband; and depraved must be the heart that could withhold affection and confidence from worth so exalted, and tenderness so refined. The heart of Pliny was sensibly alive to her virtues; he recorded them on every occasion, with all the powers of rhetoric, and delicate effusions of tenderness.

POLITENESS.

Small matters win great commendation, because they are continually in use and note: whereas the occasion of any great virtue cometh but on festivals, and is (as Queen Isabella said) like perpetual letters commendatory to have good forms. Not to use ceremonies at all, is to teach others not to use them again, and so diminish respect to one's self; especially they be not to be omitted to strangers, and formal natures; but the dwelling on them, and exalting them above the moon, is not only tedious, but doth diminish the faith and credit of him that speaks. Men had need beware how they be too perfect in compliments; for, be they never so sufficient otherwise, their enviers will be sure to give them that attribute, to the disadvantage of their greater virtues.

Men's behaviour, like their apparel, should be—not too straight, or point device, but free for exercise or motion.

Correspondence.

T. A. is inadmissible. Whether his communication is meant as an eulogy on a very deserving man, or intended to touch with remorse the feelings of an unnatural father, we think, in either case, he has fallen far short of his aim. We are always obliged to those who favour us with well-written communications.

To Julia Francesca.

Is thy harp unstrung? Is the field of Apollo barren? Why not invoke the muse? May we hope to be favoured with more of thy delightful strains?

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Romeyn, Ogden Edwards, esq. to Miss Harriet Penfield, daughter of Daniel Penfield, Esq. all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the right rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Wm. Wilson, to Miss Jane Chalmers.

On Tuesday evening, at Judge Livingston's, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Theodore Sedgwick, Jun. Esq. Counsellor at law, to Miss Susan Ann Livington Ridley, eldest daughter of the late Matthew Ridley, Esq. deceased.

By the rev. Dr. Livingston, Col. Anthony Post, to Mrs. M. Van Arsdale.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. G. Seixas, Mr. Seixas Nathan, to Miss Sarah Seixas, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Seixas.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. William Moores, to Miss Maria Morris, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mc. Williston, Mr. Joshua I. Burnet, of Albany, to Miss Ruth Caldwell, of this city.

On Friday evening, by the rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. Josiah Falconer, to Miss Jane Patterson.

At Rye, on Tuesday, Mr. Joseph Horton, of White plains, to Miss Sarah Halstead, of the former place.

At Bridgetown, New Jersey, Mr. Nathan Marsh, to Miss Hetty Morgan, daughter of Dr. Lewis Morgan, all of that place.

At Rye, Mr. Ezekial Halstead, Jun. of the house of A. & E. Halstead, of this city, to Miss Ann Griffin, of the former place.

At Litchfield, Connecticut, on the 20th instant, Aaron Burr Reeves, Esq. of that place, to Miss Annabella Shedden, daughter of the late Mr. William Shedden, of this city.

At Middletown, Conn. Mr. J. L. Dunning, of this city, to Miss Martha Whittlesey, of that place.

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Deaths, in this city, during the week ending on Saturday last—men 9, women 9, boys 7, girls 9—Total 34.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Again the sun appears, all nature smiles!
Each one, with renovated life, pursues
With rising joy, his pleasure or his toils.
The Carmen thunder o'er the stubborn stone,
And the shrill voices, of the dusky sweeps,
Add to the rattling wheels, of rolling Char'ots,
All, all conspire, by one incessant din,
To drown reflection—But it wears the face
Of bus'ness, pleasure, life, and happiness.

All, all but me, are dress'd in placid smiles,
And all but me, are bless'd with happy hours;
Must I alone, make life, that gift of heav'n,
A burthen? sigh unknown? and love unwish'd?
Methinks ELIZA, if in thy circle
Of admiring beaux, you found that interest
Prompted their tongues, to what their hearts deny,
Your heart would search its kindred, in such place
Where virtue loves, with concious worth to dwell!
And yet, alas! in modern times! Pride has
The helm of Love—And vanity has oft
In Cupid's *form*, stood groom to either sex,
And crown'd their nuptial hours, with fictious love.
Could I but boast *thy* love t'would sweeten life—
'I would once more raise my dormant hopes of bliss!
Virtue to thee, I'd consecrate my days,
Nor wish for more, than my ELIZA's love.

CHEVIOTT.

ON SEEING A LADY BLUSH.

ON Celia's eyes enraptur'd as I gaze,
And there a thousand doubts and wishes raise,
While lost in extacy I fondly trace
The numerous charms of her bewitching face;
A sudden change her blushing cheeks disclose,
The lily seems contending with the rose;
The rival flowers dispute their empire there,
Ambitious each to serve the beauteous fair:
Long was the contest—doubtful the success—
Each resolute, while each for conquest press.
At length the crimson rose, unused to yield,
Appears triumphant on the blooming field;
Flush'd with a victor's fury, on he press'd,
And the full centre of the cheek possess'd,
Thence hurl'd the foe down to her panting breast;

There doom'd to live, vanquish'd he still remains,
Whilst in her cheek th' insulting conqueror reigns.

E. F.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Not all the wealth that India boasts,
Nor dust that shines on Guinea's coasts,
Shall tempt me to resign
The pleasing hope I entertain,
Though now my sighs and tears are vain,
That I shall call thee mine.

What though thy breast no flame has felt!
Thou yet shalt love, these eyes shall melt,
And silent give consent:
Soon shalt thou weep, that thou hast strove
Thus to neglect my ardent love,
But ah! too late repent.

For when thou weep'st I will not hear,
Nor will I mind the chrystal tear,
That trickles from thine eye;
Then will I treat thy prayers with scorn,
With anger will thy love return,
And with another fly.

With her I'll spend a happy life,
Remov'd from noise, and care, and strife,
And ev'ry heavy woe;
And thou shalt envy her blest lot,
Happy beneath that humble cot,
Where constant pleasures grow.

THE TEAR.

I talk'd of the woes of the days that are past——
Of afflictions and trials severe;
How the May-morn of life, was with storms o'ercast,
How the blossoms of hope were all nipt by the blast,
And Beauty sat list'ning to hear.

Of hardships and dangers and many a wrong,
And of toils that beset me so near,
Of treachery's snare, and ingratitude's tongue
I told!—t'was pleasant the tale to prolong—
For Beauty repaid with a tear.

Ah! soft form of Beauty that gladdens the soul;
Is aught, as thy sympathy, dear—
When thy bright beaming eyes with benignity roll,
When heaves thy full bosom at Pity's control,
And thy roses are wash'd with a tear.

When dark roll the clouds that o'ershadow our doom,
When toils and when dangers appear,—
When the storm-threatning waves all their terrors assume,
Then the sun-beam of Hope that can break thro' the gloom,
O Beauty! must shine thro' a tear.

Yes, Beauty! thy tear that from sympathy flows,
To manhood shall ever be dear;
'Tis the balm of all ill, and the cure of all woes;
And the heart rankling wounds of remembrance shall close,
That Beauty has wash'd with a tear.

THE MANSION OF REST.

The following lines were written by a British Statesman of celebrity, supposed to be the late hon. Charles J. Fox.

I Talk'd to my flattering heart,
And chid its wild wandering ways,

I charg'd it from folly to part,
And to husband the rest of its days;
I bade it no longer admire,
The meteors that fancy had drest;
I whisper d'r t'was time to retire,
And seek for a MANSION OF REST.

A Charmer was list'ning the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay;
"O come, then," she cried with a smile,
"And I'll shew you the place and the way."
I follow'd the witch to her home,
And vowed to be always her guest;
"Never more," I exclaim'd, "will I roam,
In search of the MANSION OF REST."

But the sweetest of moments will fly,
[illegible] was my fancy beguil'd,
For too soon I confessed with a sigh,
That the Syren deceiv'd while she smil'd.
Deep, deep, did she stab the repose,
Of my trusting and unwary breast,
And the door of each avenue close,
That led to the MANSION OF REST.

Then Friendship entic'd me to stray,
Thro' the long magic wilds of romance,
But I found that she meant to betray,
And shrunk from the Sorcerer's glance.
For Experience has taught me to know,
That the soul that reclin'd on her breast,
Might toss on the billows of woe,
And ne'er find the MANSION OF REST.

Pleasure's path I determined to try,
But Prudence I met in the way,
Conviction flashed light from her eye,
And appear'd to illumine my day.
She cry'd—as she shew'd me a grave,
With nettles and wild flowers dress'd,
O'er which the dark Cypress did wave,
"Behold there the MANSION OF REST."

She spoke—and half vanish'd in air,
For she saw mild Religion appear,
With a smile that would banish Despair,
And dry up the penitent tear;
Doubts and fears from my bosom were driven,
And pressing the Cross to her breast,
And pointing serenely to Heaven,
She shew'd the true MANSION OF REST.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Emma at the window Damon ey'd,
Here at least I'm safe, he thoughtless cried,
That barrier's sure—but full too soon, alas!
Her eyes convinc'd him, diamonds pierce through glass.

R. SCRIBLERUS.

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY

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